

LEFT HANDED WICKEDNESS.

Results of an Unusual Investigation by Professor Lombroso.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, the Italian scientist skilled in detecting traces of abnormality, explains in the North American Review the imperfections of the left handed.

People who are more agile with the left than with the right hand are most numerous among "women, children, savages and criminals." The percentage is about 4 per cent among men (operatives and soldiers), 5 to 8 per cent among women and about the same among lunatics.

But among criminals Professor Marro found 13 per cent of the men and 22 per cent of the women left handed. Swindlers offered a greater percentage, no less than 33, and murderers and ravers only from 6 to 10 per cent. Professor Lombroso also discusses the far more complex subject of "left sidedness." Certain people are more sensitive upon the left side than upon the right. This condition has no connection with left handedness and is highest in lunatics, 44 per cent.

Parrots are left handed, and so are lions. Rollet found in twenty-seven monkeys the left shoulder heavier than the right.

Women, children and primitive races make gestures and simple movements from right to left. This is why women button their garments in a different direction from men and why early languages, like the Arabic, are written from right to left. Very old chronometers were wound from right to left, not from left to right, as at present.

However, Professor Lombroso hedges by saying: "One can without difficulty find among good men left handedness, as among the greatest evidences there are some who have not that characteristic. I do not dream of all of saying that all left handed people are wicked, but that left handedness, united to many other traits, may contribute to form one of the worst characters among the human species."

Not So Very Weak.

The train was on a windy pass in the Rockies. There were in the car a few miners, two cowboys, a woman who looked ill, and a man clothed in very British tweeds. He was evidently used to roughing it and sat beside the open window indifferent to the cold air that swirled into the car.

Behind him sat the woman, shivering. Across the aisle was a large boned westerner. He did not seem to mind the wind himself, but he gave a kind, solicitous glance toward the woman.

After an hour of shivering she leaned forward and asked the man in front of her to close the window. He paid no attention to her request, except that he looked straight ahead and said, addressing himself to the world at large, "Americans seem to be a weak lot."

Then the tall man across the aisle rose slowly. His head came just under the bell cord. He reached across the aisle, pushed the owner of it rudely into the corner of the seat, laid hold of the window catch with his big thumb and finger and sent the window down with a slam.

"I guess we ain't so very weak, pardner," he said.

Love is the Main Spring.

Political economists have told us that self interest is the mainspring of industry. It is not true. Love is the mainspring of industry. It is love for the home and the wife and the children that keeps all the busy wheels of industry revolving, that calls the factory hands early to the mill, that nerves the arm of the blacksmith working at his forge, that inspires the farmer at his plow and the merchant at his desk, that gives courage to the soldier and patience to the teacher.

Erskine was asked how he dared, as an unknown barrister, face a hostile court and insist on his right to be heard. "I felt my children," he replied, "tugging at my robe and saying, 'Here is your chance, father, to get us bread.' It is this vision of the children dependent on us that inspires us all in the battle of life."—Rev. Lyman Abbott in Atlantic.

Origin of a Famous Saying.

Euclid, who sometimes called the father of mathematics, taught this subject in the famous school at Alexandria. Being asked one day by the king of Egypt (Ptolemy Soter) whether he could not teach him the science in a shorter way, Euclid answered in words that have been memorable ever since, "Sire, there is no royal road to learning." Not many scraps of conversation have lived, as this reply has, for 2,000 years.

Minerals and Life.

The base of nutrition in all living beings is oxygen, water, salts, carbon and nitrogen. Forster tried to feed dogs on organic substances deprived of nearly all their mineral matter. Death from starvation occurred sooner than if the dogs had been completely without food. M. Herrera says in Revue Scientifique, Paris, "Living beings are but aggregations of mineral substances and biology is but a chapter in mineralogy."

The EX-HERO

(Original.)

"Gentlemen," said the general—he was chatting familiarly with his staff during a cessation of hostilities—"what we call bravery is purely physical. Real bravery consists not in fighting an enemy, but ourselves. Cowardice or bravery is purely a matter of temporary nerves."

"Nevertheless, general," said young Captain Fitz Hugh, "we honor the brave and despise the coward. When my nerves go back on me I trust enough vigor will be left to enable me to remove myself from the world of my disgrace."

A puff of smoke appeared at one of the embrasures of a bastion front on the crest of a hill, followed by a boom, and a shell came plowing up the ground, burying itself in a tree not a dozen feet from the party. A fuse hissed, and sputtered, burning rapidly to its vent. Most of the officers present either fell on their faces or ran as fast as their legs could carry them. Fitz Hugh coolly walked up to the shell, pulled out the fuse and threw it away.

"Well done, captain," said the general. "The battle has reopened." There was a hard struggle. When the fighting was over, there was as much wonder that the young captain came out alive as at his conspicuous bravery. One of his exploits, the leading of a few men against an angle of breastworks where the guns were creating havoc, was so conspicuous and so far reaching in its results that he was decorated with a gold medal.

The war ended and Fitz Hugh was a hero to the world for all time. Occasionally he would overhear some one say: "That's he; the man over there. They say he doesn't know what fear is." At army reunions, when he arose to say a few words, he was so violently cheered that he often gave up the attempt. He was the pet of the veterans and the admiration of men.

The world of education in which he lived became the only world he knew, that which he had inhabited before his honors being forgotten. Yet his modesty never suffered. He would only wear his medal at social gatherings with the little band who had helped him earn it and to whom he always insisted it belonged.

Thirty years passed. Fitz Hugh met with reverses that brought on nervous prostration. He was obliged to break away and go on a trip. When he returned he was still weak, melancholy and inclined to study his symptoms minutely, consulting doctors, besides doctoring himself. He recovered, but was not the man he had been a few years before.

One day while he was at the seashore with a party of friends, among whom was a lady who had consented to be a comfort to the old hero for the rest of his days, he was walking with her through the town when a rough fellow passed them, purposely brushing his hand against the lady's. Fitz Hugh remonstrated, whereupon the fellow took her by the collar and shoved him away against a wall, where he held him for some time, then released him with the remark that next time he'd better mind his own business. Fitz Hugh, mortified beyond measure at such treatment, tried to muster up courage to strike the man, but his enemy looked so ugly, so strong, so brutal, so unmerciful, that the ex-hero did not dare touch him.

That night, when all were asleep, Fitz Hugh, clutching something tightly in his hand, emerged from his room and went to an open pier. There he stood for awhile, looking out on the black expanse of water, vainly endeavoring to muster strength of will to plunge. He could not. The waves filled him with terror. Then he threw what he held in his hand into the water and, turning, went to his room.

The next day he did not appear. His fiancée sent him to go down with her to the beach. He went down looking pale and haggard. She guessed his trouble, but said nothing. They were sitting on the beach, lower than they were accustomed to do, for the tide was out, looking at the bathers, the gulls, the waves glittering in the sunshine, the ships far out at sea. The lady was thrusting her hand into the sand, grasping it and letting it slip through her fingers. Suddenly they closed on something round and flat and heavy.

It was the hero's medal. He confessed to her that he had thrown it into the water the night before, and she knew why.

"It is better to have been brave," she said, "and lost me than to have been a coward and never to have been brave at all."

When the ex-hero returned to the city he married his fiancée and settled himself in a home, which he resolutely declined to leave, eschewing especially army reunions. One reunion night his comrades came and took him away bodily, his wife before he left pinning his medal to his coat without his knowing it. Arriving at the room where a dinner was in progress, he was placed amid cheers in the seat of the commander-in-chief.

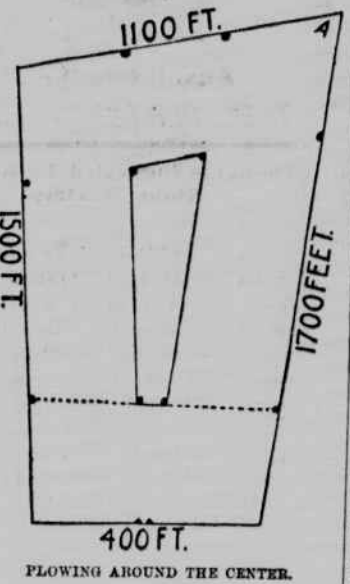
"Comrades," he said when the tumult had ceased, "my general once told me that bravery is purely physical. I have learned he was right. I have been weak enough to think myself what you think me—a hero. I am no hero and never have been one." The words, attributed to modesty, drew forth a burst of applause. The captain dropped his eyes and for the first time discovered the medal on his breast. Again he glanced at his comrades with a mortified expression that told the story of its having been placed there surreptitiously.

Then there was a tumult that rivaled the din of battle.

THE EX-HERO AND HIS GARDEN

A PLOW STORY.

Back Furrowing an Irregular Field According to Different Methods. Good methods of plowing and back furrowing an irregular field of the shape shown in the diagram were originally given by a writer in the Country Gentleman, who says: We have assumed a certain length for the lines in the diagram. The solution of the problem would be the same if the lines were either longer or shorter.



PLOWING FROM THE CENTER.

The only difference would be that the lines or stakes would have to be set either further from or nearer to the border lines than here indicated.

We have assumed that the shortest line is 400 feet. Using this line as a base, measure off a strip 200 feet wide (see dotted lines in the first figure). Then set stakes (indicated by dots in the diagram) so as to take off strips on the other sides just 200 feet wide and strike a furrow along the line of the stakes. This will leave a small piece in the center of the same proportions as the field is. Plow around this center portion, which will result in throwing the land inward instead of outward. Finally plow out the center. There will be a short middle or open furrow, possibly two or three rods long, at the widest point of the centerpiece, which is plowed out, but being so short will not be objectionable.

It is assumed that because of the irregular shape of this field it has been convenient always to throw the first furrow toward the outside border and that it is now desired to throw it in. The method outlined would be, by all means, the simplest way of solving this problem. It will be noticed that a piece in the center is not brought to a point at the narrowest end of the field. If it were it would be difficult to get the end of the sharp point straight; in fact, it would be impossible.

The second figure represents a method by which all of the land may be plowed from the center, but it will require a good deal of measurement and much skill. As the diagram shows, a ridge is struck in the center of the field and reaching within 200 feet of the ends of the field. After the ridge is struck short furrows are plowed until the lines on the right and left hand sides are made parallel with the border lines, but great care will have to be taken to get all of the corners equally distant or in finishing the field it will not come out even at the borders.

In plowing land of this shape care should be taken to drive well ahead at the acute angles, especially at those marked A, or when the last furrows are plowed the extreme angles will not be reached.

Compensation For Damage by Deer. In certain parts of New England deer have received rigid protection for a number of years and have become so numerous in consequence that frequent complaints are made concerning the damage they do to growing crops. To meet this difficulty Maine and Massachusetts have enacted laws providing for compensation for such damages.

The Sugar Cane Crop. The sugar cane crop of Louisiana and Texas will be rather short this year. The cane, on account of drought and cool weather, is in an almost unprecedented condition, lacking in growth and lacking in sugar content.—Farm and Ranch.

The Arab Language. There is no language more poetical than the Arabic language, where snow is called "hair of the mountain" and the rainbow is "bride of the rain." Red mullet is "the sultan of fishes," maidenhair fern is translated by "little cloud of the well." Ordinary Arabic words show an extraordinary gift of description. The word for secretly denotes literally "under the matting" and never is expressed thus. "When the charcoal takes root and the will buds." Uncontrolled ascendancy of imagination marks the Arab and endows his nature with a fascination all its own. An outdoor life is his heritage, and the things of nature are a part of himself. Spring he calls "grass," summer is "gleaming," autumn is "fruit," winter is "rains."

Promoters of Courage. Spartacus—Women are a great incentive to manly courage. Spartacus—That's right. Since I've been married I have a few little things to my wife the prospect of a rap with the meanest man on earth seems like mere child's play to me.—Baltimore American.

DRINK CURSE OF LONDON.

Grocer's License Regarded as One of Its Worst Features.

The evidence showing the extraordinary extent to which the drink curse has undermined the social, physical and moral welfare of the people of London is overwhelming, says the London Express.

All in a position to judge are as one in the opinion that the great mass of the people have no conception of the ravages which the consumption of drink, especially of the cheap and poisonous kind, is making upon the physical and moral condition of the people through the weaker sex.

A doctor with a large practice in the suburbs told an Express representative that grocer's licenses are among the greatest curses of the age. "I have traced," he said, "many cases of alcoholism among women to this source. The evil begins with the grocer's license, and in a short time the public house is patronized."

"Another evil is the medicated wine, the trade in which has vastly increased during the past few years. Scores of people who would not touch ordinary wine or spirits ask if they may take a little of somebody's medicated wine. It is nothing but ordinary wine to which a drug has been added."

"It is my firm conviction that the use of such wines cultivates and in some cases awakens a craving for alcohol in stronger form."

A member of a public body in West Ham showed an Express representative some of the best parts of the borough on Saturday night. The passing of well dressed women in and out of public houses of the better type was continuous. A visit was paid to what is an admittedly well conducted "hotel." In the saloon bar were forty-five persons, twenty-five of whom were young men, including six young girls with young men, evidently sweethearts.

"If you saw what I have to see every day of my life," said a head master of a local school in the east end, "you would have the children sent away by the fresh air fund would never come back. If we could only take the children out of the atmosphere in which they are compelled to live there might be some hope for them."

"With public houses at every street corner, where boys and girls play every night for want of a better place, what wonder is it that the scenes of drunken, fighting women dull their perceptions and lead them to look upon drunkenness as one of the usual features of their existence?"

GERMAN DENOUNCES BEER.

Exposes Fallacy That It is a Safer Drink Than Whisky.

In Muenchener Medizinische Wochenschrift George Kesterfeld, a noted German scientist, attacks the fallacy that beer is a safer drink than whisky and says: "So far as pathological lesions are concerned, no appreciable differences exist between beer drinkers and those who are addicted to the stronger alcoholic liquors. Furthermore, the early idea that beer drinking would largely do away with the use of brandy, whisky, etc., has proved fallacious so far as Germany is concerned."

"The nutritious qualities of beer, which have been loudly exploited by many, are not to be considered when compared with the damage wrought by the alcohol which it contains. Taken all in all, the substitution of beer for the stronger alcoholic liquors as a beverage has been a failure, since it does not even neither live longer nor show better mentality than the consumers of brandy, whisky and the rest."

Takes Census of Town Drunkards. Chief of Police Hugh Kelley of South Bethlehem, Pa., is following in the footsteps of Burgess Pennypacker of West Chester in an effort to check drunkenness in the town. But he will not be content merely to send a list of drunkards to the hotel and saloon keepers, as Burgess Pennypacker did. Chief Kelley is going to keep the names of all the habitual drunkards in the town and will report them to court for action under the law passed by the last legislature, which provides that drunkards can be placed in confinement in insane asylums. The fear of being sent to the State Hospital at Norristown, it is hoped, will be of great aid in encouraging temperance in South Bethlehem.

Justice Scores Grocery Saloons. Magistrate Plummer in the Yorkville police court, New York city, declared himself as follows in the presence of a docket consisting of seventeen drunkards, five women and twelve men: "I believe that the liquor stores, where liquor is sold in bottles, are mainly responsible for the increase in drunkenness that I and other magistrates in the city have noticed of late. The poor people can get whisky cheap in these places, and they are well patronized. The high license, while doing away with some of the saloons, has caused these liquor stores to open, which, I think, are a worse evil than the saloons."

Drinking in Women's Clubs. The increase in the number of women's clubs in London is said to be attended by an alarming increase in the drinking habit. The London World said recently that the drinking of liquor, especially cream de menthe, has grown to a grievous extent. At these clubs one sees more whisky and sodas on the table at luncheon than one sees at men's clubs, in which there is a marked decrease in drinking.

Pure Food Law Stops Wine. Under the national pure food law enacted by congress last winter a shipment of white wine from Bordeaux, France, was recently refused admittance, it being found adulterated with salicylic acid.

At Gay Yuletide. All halt the genial time of year. When far and near there is good cheer and care is left behind.

RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.

Gems Gleaned From the Teachings of All Denominations.

The history of centuries reveals the fact that the greater the civilization the more honorable labor becomes.—Rev. R. H. Hood, Presbyterian, Pittsburgh.

The Golden Rule. There are men today who are giving their abilities to endow colleges and libraries whose wealth has been obtained in direct contradiction to the Golden Rule and the principles taught by Christ.—Rev. J. M. Buckley, Methodist, Montclair, N. J.

The Church First. We are the citizens of a mighty democracy upon this vast continent. Our loyalty receives its inspiration from the teachings of our holy faith; but, above all, we are the followers of Christ and the obedient children of our pontiff.—Rev. F. E. O'Hare, Catholic, Groenpoint, N. Y.

Doing Christ's Bidding. No man can do with ease the biddings of Christ. But the order is, Do them. "Well done" spells sacrifice. It is a mark of excellence to get that commendation, but the price paid for it is understood to imply a cross, a tomb, a resurrection.—Rev. William Ross, Presbyterian, Northfield, Mass.

Good and Bad Angels. "We are too ready to label men liars and sinners," says Tennyson. "There is an angel and a devil in every man." It is not just as hard to find the good angel in some who make loud professions as it is to find him in some who make no profession.—Rev. John Thompson, Methodist, Chicago.

Spread the Gospel. A wonderful change would be wrought in the world if those who knew the joy of being followers of Christ would go forth and tell it to each one they met. The world would soon realize that the Christian life was a vital matter and would be changed.—Rev. J. W. Baer, Presbyterian, Brooklyn.

Purpose of Christ's Teaching. The divine teacher, Christ, has a far greater purpose than to merely save his gospel students. He teaches his disciples, who sit at his feet in order that they may become like him, how they in turn may carry his message and truth to the farthest parts of the earth.—Rev. Dr. Frank De Witt Talmage, Presbyterian, Chicago.

Courage Succeeds. Men without courage constitute the weak set in every community. It is the strong, courageous men everywhere that succeed. The strength of a nation is not in the number of its inhabitants, but the proportion of its men and women who dare to think and have the courage of their convictions.—Rev. W. M. Martin, Methodist, Brooklyn.

The Gift of Love. The gift of love is offered to us on the easiest possible terms. Jesus Christ is the channel through which this gift of love reaches us. Belief is its reception. Belief is more than intellectual assent. The word carries the thought of trust, reliance, dependence. It is the belief that God is able and willing to do all he offers and the trusting him to do it.—Rev. W. N. Rankin, Presbyterian, Denver.

The Law of Nature. The law of nature is that there can be no growth where there is no nourishment, and where conditions of health are essential there will be growth according to nourishment. It is so with plants, animals and man, everywhere and in all time. Man must also receive sustenance for his soul. If he be dead spiritually he must be divinely quickened before he can grow and become Christlike.—Rev. George Adams, Methodist, Brooklyn.

Cannot Be Taken Away. You determine within you that your life will be lived high, holy and noble. As a business man, you purpose to be honest, true and incorruptible. On this high plane you go through the world. That life is not taken from you. Men may lie about you, they may slander you and persecute you, but they cannot take the Christlike traits from you that are yours as long as you choose to maintain them.—Rev. Dr. George School, Church of the Reformation, Baltimore.

Work and Win. Do not people somehow but really feel that to support the church, to be charitable and generous, to observe the formal requisitions of religion, is enough that they thereby purchase the grace of spiritual attainment? And how inconceivable it is for the people to feel so who know so well that they get nothing in any other department of life without working for it! Work and win is the true law of both the temporal and the spiritual life.—Rev. J. R. Clark, Presbyterian, Detroit.

Freedom Through the Truth. There are no more potent words in the Bible than those of my text, "The truth shall make you free." But how is it to do so? By making known the law of life. The world has been very, very slow in learning that there is no freedom save in law. Those who do not know the truth seek freedom in disorder. It is in God that we live and move and have our being, and the truth means to know how to use the powers of his life in our lives to their perfection.—Rev. Wilson M. Backus, Unitarian, Chicago.

Christianity More Than Profession. It is not enough to assert that we have the spirit of Christ. That is cheap and useless. If we have in us the mind that was in Christ we cannot hide it if we would. The temper of Jesus revealed itself through absolute obedience, perfect unselfishness, ungodly and constant love. The man who refuses to obey God, who ignores the happiness and welfare of others, who fails to enthroned love in his heart, may bear the name of Christian, but he has no right to it.—Rev. L. A. Cranall, Baptist, Chicago.

Knowledge and Christianity. Man without knowledge would look upon light as a mystery, death as a horror and in his despair could be driven to animal indulgence as anodyne to still the ever present torture of aspirations of which he knew not the meaning, desires he was powerless to gratify, and thus would he pass from eternity to eternity over the narrow isthmus of time without knowing or understanding the sublimity of his destiny or the attributes of his Creator until it would be all too late. But project the flashlight of knowledge in his soul, and what a transformation does not behold! The darkness that enveloped him is cleared away; he beholds broader horizons than he ever dreamed of; history deposits her treasures at his feet; the natural sciences disclose the marvels of creation and the harmony of nature's laws; philosophy gives him the assurance of a soul that is immortal, and he realizes himself to be the lord of the visible world, for whose use and benefit all things were made.—Rev. D. P. Lawton, Catholic, New Orleans.

THE MILKY SEA.

A Curious Sight Occasionally Witnessed in Tropical Waters.

Of the many sights witnessed in the oceans of the globe, one of the most curious and most weird is that described by sailors as the milky sea, ships being surrounded for several hours by water that appears to be a snowy whiteness. The spectacle is restricted to the warmer waters of the tropical belt, it appears to be more common in the Indian ocean than in the Atlantic and Pacific. From the white water the light is so strong that ordinary newspaper print can be read on board ship, but the scene all round is of an awe-inspiring description. The horizon is blotted out, sea and sky seem to become one in a sort of universal luminous fog, which, like a London fog, robs the observer of the sense of distance and direction, the deck being lit up with a ghastly, shadowy light. Once off the west coast of South America a bucket of the white water emptied back into the sea resembled molten lead. This curious sight has interested scientific investigators, but while it is no doubt related to the many phosphorescent displays common at sea there is no sufficient explanation forthcoming of this particular manifestation or of the singular atmospheric effects resulting from it.

Charles V. at Table. Emperor Charles V. of Austria, by far the most powerful ruler of his day, was thus described as he appeared at table by Roger Ascham, secretary to the English ambassador, in 1550: "I stood hard by the emperor's table. He had four courses; he had good beef—very good, roast mutton, baked hare; these he fed from mine hostess Harpers. The emperor had a good face, a constant look; he had a bed of mine hostess Harpers and Ferdinand, king of the Romans, ate together very handsomely, carving themselves where they list, without any curiosity. The emperor drank the best that ever I saw; he had his head in the glass five times as long as any of us and never drank less than a good quart at once of Rhenish wine." It was not until the emperor ate and drank immediately, and as a natural result he suffered terribly from gout from the time he was thirty years old.

A Tender Episode. "Bring home a turkey, don't forget. And prattle, Pat; we need 'em." "Ah, Biddy, if you asked for it I'd be the third of freedom." "The single." Sure he'd be enough. To keep us from starvation. But wouldn't he be rather tough? He's older than the nation. "He tough! He'd, you're off the track; Columbia—have I heard of her?" "Put him upon the dollar's back, and then he's tight tender." —Munsey's Weekly.

Know His Geography Lesson. Freddy: "We had one of the famous Rhode Island turkeys for our Thanksgiving dinner." Teddy: "Huh! So did we. I heard grandpa thank Providence for it!" Puck.

No Celebration. Uncle Rastus: "I've afeard I ain't got no turkey for mah Thanksgiving dinner." Hooks: "Dis year, Uncle Rastus? Are the prices too high for you?" Uncle Rastus: "No, sah, but de fences is—Life."

Not in Stock. Shop Walker: "Se complains that you didn't show her common civility. Shopgirl: "I showed her everything in my department, sir."

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No. 13, 2:09 P.M. Daily. For Roanoke, Bristol, Bluefield, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations, and Knoxville, Cincinnati, Columbus, Chicago, and points West and Southwest. Pullman sleeper to Knoxville and Roanoke to Columbus.

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STATIONS. No. 80. No. 81. No. 82. No. 83. No. 84. Lv Lexington. 10:45 am. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. Lv Lexington. 10:45 am. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm.

No. 80 connects at Lynchburg with Southern Railway, North and South. No. 82 connects at South Glasgow with No. 9 for Clifton Forge and the West. No. 84 connects at South Glasgow for Lynchburg.

FOR CINCINNATI AND THE WEST. D. 82. Lv Lexington. 10:45 am. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. Lv Lexington. 10:45 am. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm. 10:45 pm.

Pullman Sleeping Cars from Clifton Forge to Cincinnati, St. Louis